

# The Ogden Standard-Examiner

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## AS A STRANGER SEES OGDEN.

"A beautiful city," he said, "in a setting most attractive."

He was a stranger to Ogden, going through from San Francisco to New York.

"Your city park is a gem. Your mountain background is unequalled. What is your population and what sustains you?"

His question was answered by the statement that Ogden approximately has 40,000 and the industries that make up the payroll range from the making of flour to the turning out of a locomotive.

"Well," he asked, "how many locomotives and how much flour?"

He was informed that only two locomotives had been built, with two more in prospect, but flour production was on a large scale, with one large mill operating and another tuning up its machinery. He also was told that Ogden had canneries and candy factories, produced overalls and knit goods, had stockyards and a packing plant, is a grain center and a whole-sale market.

"But why do you fall," he said, "to advertise as we Californians do? I do not know of a more attractive sight in all California than is Ogden at this time of year. Your lawns are a rich green, your trees a bright color and back in the hills are your patches of snow. You have a delightful picture, most pleasing to even a Californian who is not supposed to see much to admire after he crosses the Sierra Nevada range."

More than one traveler has said Ogden is a city so situated as to hold attention, and the people of Ogden accept that as true, but there is no systematic attempt made to force Ogden upon the attention of the thousands of tourists who go through here every month.

## MOTORCYCLE GYPSY TOUR.

Once a year the motorcycle owners of Salt Lake have what is known as a motorcycle gypsy tour. On next Sunday 150 to 175 motorcyclists of the capital will come to Ogden and drive on to Ogden canyon for their outing.

The motorcycle is to the automobile what the old buckboard was to the carriage. The motorcycle seems to have no limitations in climbing and reaching out-of-the-way spots. Old timers will recall how the buckboard was employed whenever a hard journey was to be made along roads not much better than cow paths.

The coming of 150 to 175 motorcyclists is a reminder that the machine which spits fire and goes with a roar is quite popular with the young people. Old people cannot endure the vibration and they ride on four wheels, with more cushions and springs.

The wonder is that motorcyclists live longer than aviators, for the average young man on a motorcycle speeds with the wind, and yet the record of accidents proves that motorcycling is a form of enjoyment with a fatality list far less than that of the automobile.

## WRITING IN THE AIR.

London has been thrilled with the stunts of an aviator who has written across the sky in letters of smoke "Daily Mail."

This is Lord Northcliffe's latest spectacular appeal for notice and has been most successful.

But the writing in the sky is looked upon in London as something so extraordinary as to be cabled around the world. In 1915, at the world fair in San Francisco, each afternoon and evening one of the airmen employed in entertaining the crowds, did all that airplane expert is doing in London. Art Smith wrote in letters of smoke and continued to perform his maneuvers until they were commonplace.

London generally is a little bit slow in everything but growth and fog.

## UNION PACIFIC FINANCES.

The annual report of the Union Pacific discloses the financial strength of that great system of railroads. During the year 1931 the road earned \$115,000,000 and had a net income of \$34,800,000. The company paid a dividend of 4 per cent on its preferred stock and 10 per cent on its common stock.

This is an excellent record in the face of much adversity for other railroads.

## EVERETT TRUE

11:44 P.M.  
NEIGHBOR  
POUNDS THE  
IVORIES.



The investment in road and equipment is given as \$350,000,000, with \$350,000,000 in miscellaneous property. The Union Pacific has \$123,000,000 invested in stocks of affiliated companies, \$81,000,000 in bonds of the same, \$1,500,000 in their notes and \$16,000,000 in advances.

There is an accumulated surplus of \$160,000,000. Part of this large sum may be used in buying the Central Pacific railroad.

Today the Union Pacific is recognized as one of the best managed and equipped railroads in the United States.

## THE MUSICAL DOCTOR.

Radio fans will be pleased to learn that music has medicinal powers, according to Dr. Alexander Lambert of Bellevue hospital, New York City.

Discussing the therapeutical value of music, he makes out such a good case that the audience cheers and votes enough money to install a super-radio-phonograph in Bellevue. Says Dr. Lambert:

"Music can ease the strain of life for a great number of patients, but not for all. It calls up cheerful thoughts and lessens monotony, and it is of enormous benefit to the nervously broken down, to children, and to most surgical cases, for music appeals more to the emotions than to reason."

"People differ, not in opinion but in stages of intellectual and spiritual development. So some want jazz and some want fugues, and neither is soothed by the music that pleases the other. Music might heal or injure. Wherever it cheers, though, it heals."

Jazz might cure one dying person—and kill another, thick with the dust of culture. What's one man's meat is another's poison."

Maybe you have visions of a new medical fad, impending, psychoanalysis and endocrine gland doctoring shoved aside to make way for a new school of doctors armed with saxophones and fiddles.

Fear not, the medicinal value of music is nothing new. It was discussed enthusiastically by leading European physicians, in the Philosophical Magazine for May, 1806. Among great practitioners who prescribed music were Dussaux, Burette, De Mairan and Blanchini.

Some of them went as far as to believe that music could cure sciatic rheumatism. But, in the main, they believed that music's greatest medical powers were in diverting the attention, soothing the nerves, making people forget imaginary ailments, and curing the insane.

You recall, further back, how David was employed in his youth to cure Saul's mental derangement by harp playing.

Varro thought music good for gout. The ancients believed fever could be cured by singing, plague by a lyre and deafness by proper blasting with a trumpet.

The commonest cause of sickness is the body's organs getting out of harmony with each other. Back of this is inharmonious nervous condition or unbalanced functioning of endocrine glands.

And, back of that, is inharmonious thought.

## BY CONDO

11:45 P.M.  
NEIGHBOR  
POUNDS THE  
IVORIES.



Music puts the soul in tune, eases the aching brain, soothes the nerves. It is not far from those to bodily harmony—health. This, of course, drifts into hypnotism, like the charmed cobra swaying to the Hindu juggler's reed flute.

The radio craze may do the national health more good than a freight-trainful of quinine, calomel and sassafras tea, provided it doesn't circulate too much jazz—the medical opium.

EXTINCTION.

Wild animal life will be totally extinct on the North American continent, and in Africa and Europe, within a few years. This prediction is heard on every hand at the annual meeting of the American Society of Mammalogists.

Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, museum expert, says: "Nothing in the history of creation has paralleled the ravages of the fur and hide trade which, with the bone fertilizer trade, now threatens the entire vertebrate kingdom."

In three years, on our continent, trappers have killed 23,801,905 moles, 14,858,316 squirrels and 420,590 beavers.

"Be kind to animals" seems to be limited to dogs, cats and horses. Man, the carnivorous hunter, is a parasite.

Tom Sims Says

Lots of people think the world owes them two or three living dollars.

This is a fine strawberry season in Boston. A mule kicked a traffic cop. There is some talk of matching him with Dempsey.

Due to the dynamite shortage, Chicago has quieted down. People who go for a vacation don't always get one.

Doyle has liquor in his spirit world. At last the rabbi rapping mystery is explained.

Business isn't charity, but both begin at home. Hint: Cussing the weather is fine for reducing.

The report that men were using lipstick was probably caused by the girls using lipstick.

Fort makes flyovers. His presidential boom may be one.

A new comet has been found; but, like everything else new, it is several million years old.

Gold fish make fine pets because they never get under your feet.

"Arrest 300 Republican Heads"—headline. Democrats were tickled until they read it in Ireland.

Poverty may cause crime, but the rich are rather short on saints.

Between son's radio in the attic and dad's still in the cellar, what can a poor mother do?

St. Louis man has given a museum 126 ancient rugs. Some St. Louis hotel is spring cleaning.

A movement is on foot for umpires to wear uniforms. Some fans will suggest strait-jackets.

Sometimes it looks as if when the blacksmiths quit work they got jobs selling soda water.

Now Hungary is protesting against American jazz. We will never hear the last of it.

Iowa couple claim they have been married 73 years, but it may just seem that long.

"Study of a Young Girl" is attracting art critics. The title sounds as if it is "Man."

The fellow who has been hating to carry out the ashes, has begun hating to cut the weeds.

"We will run down dandelion brewers," says the dry chief. Here's where a lot of shoes get worn out.

# Linda Lee Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

© 1934 by Louis Joseph Vance

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

Amazing to learn, upon authority as sound as that of the clock in the hotel lobby, that the age of the evening was still somewhat short of nine—preposterous to credit that lapse of time so little could have wrought the transformation of life's kindly countenance at close of day to its present cast, so bleak, forbidding and implacable.

Lucinda slipped into her sitting room, turned the key, found the switchbox near the door, and in an abrupt blaze of illumination stood, startled beyond speech, face to face with Nelly Marquis.

One of Nelly's hands was planted flat against the wall, the other a beguiling fist, was fumbling at her mouth. Those eyes whose haunted beauty had first laid claim to one's humanity were now black pools of pathos in a face whose chalkiness was ruminated by tears.

Lucinda started back to the door, but the woman plunged down to grovel at her feet.

"Oh, Mrs. Druce! I'm all right now. I am, I swear! I am! Forgive me and for God's sake don't turn me out, don't call the police! Did I hurt him bad?"

"Desperately," Lucinda replied. "Whether he'll live or not, we don't know yet."

"You left him that way? O, my God!"

"Are you reproaching me?" Lucinda retorted in amazement—"as if I had been I who shot your husband!"

"My husband?" Nelly shifted. "It's yours I'm talking about, it's Mr. Druce. It's not knowing how bad I hurt him that's driving me crazy. I didn't know who he was while we were fighting."

"She drove her knuckles against her mouth."

"Lynn got what was coming to him. Lynn never treated any woman mean and I guess he was right in his punishment. Should come from me. I ain't a bit sorry. I hope he dies."

"Do you—do you think he will?"

"To the implicit hope that gave vaunted impudence the lie, Lucinda returned, in a low tone and against her wish, the one word, "Probably."

"I don't care," Nelly wailed. "It was Mr. Druce I came here to find out about. Please tell me how bad he's hurt?"

"Not much—a flesh wound in the arm."

"Thank God it wasn't worse. I'd never have forgiven myself, never."

"Are you in love with him, then?" Lucinda demanded inexorably.

"Is Bel in love with you?"

With a hysterical note in the laugh that scorned this notion, "No, no," Nelly cried. "He isn't that sort. I don't know what the trouble was between you two but it wasn't another woman. Mr. Druce never as much as laid his hand on me."

Lucinda stood pitiful, contemplating the creature who huddled in the chair, shivering, whimpering a little, gnawing her knuckles, with the dazed eyes of an animal hunted to its last gasp.

A murderer by intention whom the word of any moment might prove a murderer in fact.

Incomprehensible the alchemy of the human mind to help a sinner circumvent the justice of the social order.

The telephone sounded a peremptory call. Lucinda, answering, heard the voice of her chauffeur.

When Lucinda hung up she found Nelly slumped round in the chair. "That was inspiration. I've arranged to let you steal my car. You can leave it wherever you think it safe to get aboard a train. You can drive, of course," Nelly nodded.

"Are you strong enough to drive the car yourself?" Lucinda misinterpreted for perhaps the hundredth time though for the first openly.

The woman on the bed gave her hand a small jerk of petulance. "Don't worry," she insisted. "I'll be all right. I can drive any make of car there is."

"Where will you go?"

"North, by the Coastal Highway. I might go right through to Frisco. What time is it now? I suppose

you wouldn't want to call up Lynn's house and ask."

"I'd rather not."

"I guess it's all over with Lynn now, as far as you're concerned, isn't it?"

"Yes," Lucinda said with the slow, dead smile that spells restraint—"as far as I'm concerned, it's all over."

"I'm awfully sorry," the girl asserted, her voice in turn carrying the color of complacency—"I mean, sorry for you. You must've been awfully stuck on Lynn."

"Yes." To offset a choke in her throat Lucinda added with a hard laugh. "Awfully!"

The house telephone came to Lucinda's rescue. Mr. Druce was calling.

Lucinda promised Nelly to get rid of Bel as soon as she could, and in return exacted the girl's promise to rest. Then Lucinda shut herself out into the sitting-room.

Bel's light motor-car hung from his shoulders, with empty sleeves, thus disguising that his right arm was in a sling. His features were drawn and gray, but his eyes keen, steady and Lucinda made sure, looking sharply, wholly unresentful.

"You look fearfully tired, Bel. Won't you sit down?"

Irony tinged his flying smile. "No, thanks. I promised, so here I am."

"Well."

"He's got one chance in a thousand to pull through. Say what you like about that young woman—she can shoot."

Grim watchfulness was rewarded by her slight start.

"Nothing to say?" Bellamy demanded in pitiless humor.

"Thank you for letting me know." "You didn't know Summerlad was married?"

"If another man dared ask me that question, I think even you would resent it."

"Perhaps." He delayed at the door. "That girl—she got away. Not a trace."

"Are they—is anybody looking?"

"The police have got the job in hand. They didn't fancy my story at all, at first. They didn't put it beyond me to shoot myself in the right arm to divert suspicion. One thing saved me. Nelly'd thoughtfully lost her handbag outside the window, with an extra clip of cartridges in it."

"She must have meant to make sure."

"Oh, she'd had it in mind for a long time. She let a hint fall the other night. Tonight one of the bellhops told me he'd seen her boarding a trolley for Beverly Hills."

Well, I broke all records, getting out to Summerlad's."

"Lucky."

Bel's words trailed off into a mumble.

"Vance telegraphed Summerlad's people in Terre Haute. The family name is Slade. We thought he ought to have them with him."

"But Bel—"

Bellamy reclosed the door. "About that poor girl."

He looked startled. "That sounds like pity."

"What will happen to her?"

"Nothing—if I can find her before the police do."

"You don't mean you'd help her get away, Bel?"

"If it takes every dollar I've got in

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The thrust told shrewdly, rewardingly, Bel with a fugitive moment of sardonic satisfaction. Then the courage with which Lucinda took punishment exacted his admiration.

"But I am afraid," she said quietly, "you won't have much success with Noll."

"On account of your quarrel with him yesterday?"

"I didn't know you knew. Then I presume you know about my new arrangement with Mr. Zinn."

"Yes. But that arrangement's not binding till you've signed."

The tensing of her body betrayed the temper in which Lucinda met his suggestion. "What you mean is: Have I changed my mind about continuing in pictures, because of this dreadful accident to Lynn?"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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